

A Fawcett Publication

Monte Hale

FEBRUARY

10¢

NO. 45



STERN

**GUN-SLINGING
WILD WEST ADVENTURE**

EXTRA!



GABBY HAYES



Baby Brownie Special Camera. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives, $1\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. \$2.75.



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MONTE HALE WESTERN

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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • BOOZY LANE WESTERN • HYDRA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY BAYES WESTERN
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BOB CANNON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • SHARLET BERNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. D. Fawcett, Jr., President



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AS MONTE'S BULLET HITS THE WIRE SPOOL--- IT TALKS, UNWINDING AND THE RIDERS!

WHAH!
WHAH!

BAH!

CRASH!

TAKING SWIFT ADVANTAGE, MONTE LEVELS HIS GUN---

HOW, VANDOOSE!

YOU'VE GOT US, HALE, BUT WE'LL BE BACK!

THAT WAS THE IDEA! BUT I'M RIDING BACK TO THE RANCH--- I WANT TO SEE SEARS AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

NICE GOING, MONTE! WITH THEIR HORSES REARING, THEY COULDN'T FIGHT!

BACK IN THE BIG RANCHHOUSE, MONTE CONFRONTS HIS BOSS!

HOW ABOUT IT, SEARS? YOU'RE FENCING LAND--- BUT DO YOU OWN IT?

NO ONE DOES! WE'VE ALL BEEN USING IT! BUT NOW I'M FENCING IT OFF AND KICKING OUT ALL THE LITTLE RANCHERS!

BUT THAT ISN'T RIGHT!

RIGHT! THAT'S A BIG LAUGH! RIGHT! YOU STICK WITH MR. HALE, AND YOU'LL BE ROLLING IN MONEY!

NO THANKS, MISTER! I'D RATHER HAVE MY SELF-RESPECT THAN ALL THE MONEY IN THE U.S. MINT! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR JOB BACK--- RIGHT NOW!

OH, HAD! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN CATCH UP TO THOSE RANCHERS! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THEY MAY WELCOME SOME HELP!

SOON--

HOLD IT, GENTS! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!

NOTHING DOING, COWBOY! WE DON'T HAVE ANY BUSINESS WITH ANY OF SEARS' MEN!











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HARD BARGAIN

*A GRAY HAWK Story**By Dick Kraus*

THE BEAUTIFUL FURS lay on the rough-hewn table in the trader's cabin. Marten and fox they were, and otter and muskrat. It had taken Gray Hawk and his friend Swift Deer many moons to trap them! They were worth much.

But the big white man, Trader Hansen, rubbed his grizzled jaw and looked at them doubtfully.

"They're in bad shape," he said. "I don't know whether I even want them."

The son of the Otagi chief did not change his expression, but his voice was hot! "They were trapped during the moons of the long night! The pelts are thick and rich. They are worth much!" Beside him, Swift Deer nodded his bronze head in agreement. Both boys waited.

The trader's grimy hands explored the furs again.

He looked up, tiny eyes cunning.

"Well," he said, "you've come a long way. I'll take them off your hands for a favor. What do you want for them?" He pointed at the wall of the cabin. There were bolts of colorful cloth, heavy metal traps, gleaming knives, strung beads of many hues, and sleek, Springfield rifles. All were part of his trading stock.

Gray Hawk and his friend had spoken of this before they made the long trek to the trader's cabin on the bank of the Po-Wa-No. They knew what they wanted. Gray Hawk pointed at the rifles. "We each want one of those for hunting! And we want knives that gleam. And for our mothers . . . red cloth!"

Trader Hansen grinned, but there was no amusement in his eyes. Stubby fingers explored his wrinkled jaw.

"You don't want much, do you? Tell you what! I'll give you the cloth and the knives. But only one of the Springfields. That's all your furs are worth!"

The Indian boys shook their heads stubbornly. They knew the value of their pelts. "No," said Gray Hawk. "Two rifles—and ammunition—or we do not trade with you!" They waited. The hollow white man began to curse angrily. Then, suddenly, he stopped. A strange expression flickered through his eyes.

"All right, boys," he said. "Two rifles it is—and ammunition!"

Slowly, he rolled out bolts of cloth and knives. Then he took two rifles down from the wall racks, and showed the Otagi youths how the action worked. He gave them canisters of ammunition. Then he smiled again, and reached up on a wall shelf for a bottle that waited there, half empty.

"You drive a hard bargain," he said, "but now that it's done, let's drink on it!"

He tipped the bottle back, craning his neck, and drank long and hard.

Then, eyes gleaming, he offered the whiskey to Gray Hawk.

But the Indian boy shook his head. His father had warned him of the effects of fire water—how it could make a man lose his senses and do strange things. Gray Hawk and Swift Deer had each vowed to themselves that they would not touch the poison.

"No," said Gray Hawk. "But a bargain is a bargain. It is well."

Gracefully, he and Swift Deer shifted the packs onto their slender young backs. Then, making the Otagi sign for farewell, they went out through the open door of the cabin. Trader Hansen stood, tall in the doorway, watching them disappear through the forest. A light rain was falling. It would make the ground soft—soft enough to take footprints that would be easy to trail! The husky trader turned to the fireplace. There stood his rifle. He lifted it up and loaded it, listening to the bolt snick into place . . .

THROUGH THE FOREST, Gray Hawk and Swift Deer paced.

Three days it had taken them to arrive at the banks of the Po-Wa-No from their village, loaded down by their heavy packs of fur. It should take them less time to return. When darkness began to shroud the forest corridors, Gray Hawk raised his hand. Ahead, between the sprawling roots of a great oak tree, was a dry, sheltered spot.

"Here we will make camp!"

Building a small campfire against the huge tree, the boys manched a supper of pemmican.

Then suddenly Gray Hawk's sinewy hand reached out and gripped his friend's arm. "Do you hear that?" he whispered "A crackling—as of twigs in the forest!" Both boys listened for a moment. Then the son of the chief caught Swift Deer's shoulders and pulled him violently down toward the ground.

At the same moment a rifle cracked from the forest—and a high-powered bullet whined through the air over the heads of the Indian boys!

"We are attacked," husked Gray Hawk. "Quick! Our rifles . . ."

BEHIND the cover of the oak root, they clutched the rifles they had gotten from the trader. Rapidly, Gray Hawk drew cartridges from the canister the trader had given them. He tried to load the guns—but the shells jammed. They would not enter the chamber. They were not the right caliber! They were too large!

"Too large . . ." muttered Swift Deer. "Trader Hansen gave us bullets that would not fit."

Gray Hawk slammed an angry hand against the moist turf.

"It was his purpose," he gritted, "so we could not protect ourselves. And he has come upon us now with his rifle to slay us and take back the goods he gave us. This is the trader's bargain!" For a moment the boys lay still. The night had a thousand sounds. A thousand enemies lurked in its shadows.

"Then we are trapped," whispered Swift Deer. "How can we combat his rifle . . . with our hands?"

"With our cunning!" returned Gray Hawk. "Swift Deer, do you have your braided lariat?"

The other boy nodded and unwound the strong leather lariat from his waist. Gray Hawk took it and gripped his friend's shoulder. "I am going into the forest," he husked. "If I do not return within the rising of the moon, save yourself. Creep into the forest yourself, and flee!"

Stealthily, scarcely moving an inch at a time, Gray Hawk wriggled out past the oak root. There was no shot. Blending into the night, he moved forward, silent as a creature of the wild. Soon he could not be seen at all.

Swift Deer waited, hand on the cool blade of his knife.

A light, misty rain was still falling, cutting thin slants across the twilight. Moments passed. An owl hooted. There was a scurrying in the nearby bushes. Then nothing. Still Swift Deer lay still, waiting. Then, when it seemed that he must surely go, a dark figure suddenly loomed up beside him. It was Gray Hawk again!

"What happened?" Swift Deer asked eagerly.

Gray Hawk chuckled. "Nothing—yet!" he said. "But I found where Trader Hansen was waiting, and the trail he must follow to come upon us. I left him a little surprise!"

Now they lay completely still. The ruthless trader was all-confident. His ruse had worked. The boys had guns that were of no use to them. How could they protect themselves against his rifle? He crept slowly toward their hiding place.

Bang!

There was a rifle shot in the night, and a wild, straining cry of surprise.

"That is it!" exclaimed Gray Hawk. He clutched his knife. "Quick! Follow me!"

Together the two boys ran through the forest. As they passed between two sturdy beech trees, Swift Deer gasped in surprise. For there—hanging head down from a still-governing tree—was Trader Hansen. His ankle was securely caught by the leather lariat, fashioned into a cunning noose! Gray Hawk's trap had worked! The trader's rifle lay upon the ground where it had fallen and gone off!

Gray Hawk stepped slowly up to the trader, and crouched beside him.

"You gave us cartridges that would not fit—and then followed us—to rob and kill us!" he said. "Is that right?"

The trader gasped, his face purple. "Not to kill you," he said. "I—I just wanted to get back the rifles! Cut me down! Don't kill me!"

Gray Hawk felt through the trader's pockets. He took all his ammunition from him. The bullets fitted into the Indian boys' Springfield rifles. Thoroughly, he searched Hansen, to make sure he had no bullets left—even in his gun. Then the son of the chief stepped back.

"You are a bad man, Hansen," he said. "White or red, we have learned, a man can be bad or good . . . and you are bad. But we will not kill you. Instead, we will leave you here, without bullets. You will not follow us!"

The trader grunted.

"Not follow you? How can I? Are you going to leave me tied up here like a turkey?"

GRAY HAWK nodded impassively.

"It will teach you not to drive such a hard bargain. In time, the rain will stretch the leather lariat. You will be able to reach the moose and work yourself free. But you will not follow us . . . and never again will you try to cheat an Indian youth!"

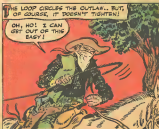
THE END

*Thrill to the exploits of GRAY HAWK
in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.*

GABBY HAYES

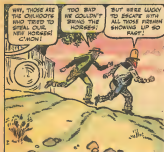
and "The
Thick Lariat"





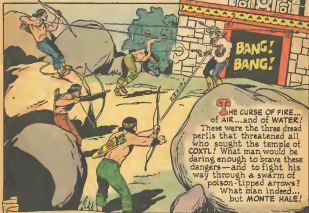


MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE

and the **MENACE OF THE HILLS!**



THE CURSE OF FIRE...
of AIR...and of WATER!
These were the three dread
perils that threatened all
who sought the temple of
COXTL! What man would be
daring enough to brave these
dangers—and to fight his
way through a swarm of
poison-tipped arrows?
What man indeed...
but MONTE HALE!

ONE DAY, AS MONTE
RIDES ALONG THE
MEXICAN BORDERLAND...

LOOKS LIKE A FIGHT...
AND A ONE-SIDED ONE!

THEY'RE PICKING
ON AN OLD MAN!
LET'S PLAY OUR
HAND, PARTNER!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

AS THE GIANT COWBOY RACES
TOWARD THEM, SUN POURING
PLAINS, THE ATTACKERS TURN!

JUMPING JENDRAPHAT! CAIRSTAIRS
GOT HELP... AND HE LOOKS LIKE
A MEAN HOMBRE!

HEAD FOR
THE HILLS!





THEY'RE GONE! BUT WHY WERE THEY ATTACKING YOU, MISTER?



I'M PROFESSOR JOHN CARSTAIRS! I HAVE A PIECE OF POTTERY SHOWING THE LOCATION OF AN ANCIENT INDIAN TEMPLE, ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER! I WAS GETTING OUT TO SEARCH FOR IT WHEN THIS GANG WAYLAI'D ME! EVIDENTLY, THEY HAVE A MAP OF THE TEMPLE, TOO...



... AND THEY BELIEVE THERE'S TREASURE THERE! THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP ME FROM REACHING IT!

I SEE! AND EVIDENTLY THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

WHenever Monte Hale finds someone who needs help, he is quick to volunteer!



PROFESSOR, YOU'RE RUNNING INTO TROUBLE IF YOU PLAN TO HEAD INTO THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY BY YOURSELF! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I CAME ALONG?

MONTE, I'D LIKE IT FINE! BUT I MUST TELL YOU...



... ON THE POTTERY IT SHOWS THAT GREAT DANGERS MUST BE GONE THROUGH TO REACH THE TEMPLE! THESE ARE THE DANGERS OF AIR... WATER... AND FIRE!



THANKS FOR WARNING ME, PROFESSOR! BUT I RECKON IF YOU CAN TAKE A CHANCE... SO CAN I!

THEN WE'LL START AT ONCE!



HOW DID THOSE RANGERS LEARN ABOUT THE TEMPLE, PROFESSOR?

THERE WERE TWO PIECES OF POTTERY IN A MUSEUM COLLECTION SHOWING ITS LOCATION! I TOOK ONE WITH ME--BUT THEY STOLE THE OTHER!



THAT NIGHT...

BUT IS THERE REALLY A TREASURE HIDDEN IN THE TEMPLE?

WHO KNOWS? LEGEND SAYS THAT A GOLDEN STATUE OF COXTL WAS RAISED THERE MANY YEARS AGO!



ONCE AGAIN, MONTE ACTS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!

C'MON, PARD! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS DEATH TRAP!

THERE GO OUR SUPPLIES! BUT MONTE, I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU! THAT'S TWICE YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES!

PROFESSOR, I'M GETTING A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THOSE DANGERS SHOWN ON THE VASE! WHAT MADE THE BRIDGE COLLAPSE LIKE THAT, AND NOW COME THE WATER RISKED DOWN ON US LIKE THAT?

THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN LIKE THAT UNLESS THEY'RE MADE TO HAPPEN! I WONDER... NOW WILL THE DANGER OF FIRES SHOW ITSELF?



HARD TO SAY, MONTE! WE'RE ALMOST NEAR THE TEMPLE OF COXTL NOW! ONCE WE GET PAST THAT OLD DEAD VOLCANO, WE'LL SEE IT!



ALL AT ONCE, THERE IS AN OMINOUS RUMBLING DEEP WITHIN THE CENTER OF THE VOLCANO! SMOKE AND FLAME BEGIN TO ISSUE FROM ITS Gaping MOUTH!



IT'S THE VOLCANO! IT'S COME TO LIFE! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK!

NO! THAT WAY WE'LL BE TRAPPED AGAINST THE STREAM! WE'LL HAVE TO RACE THE LAVA OVER THE SIDE OF THE VOLCANO!



USING THEIR MOUNTS THEY RACE OVER THE MOUNTAIN SIDE--AS THE FIERY LAVA SLEEPS RELIENTLESSLY TOWARD THEM!



IT'S CUTTING US OFF! IT'S COMING CLOSER! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT! FASTER!

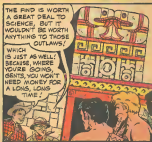
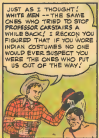
AT LAST!

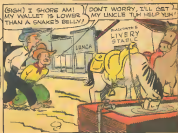
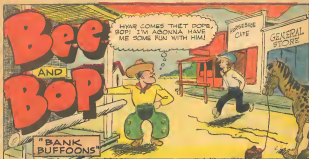
THE LAVA'S BEHIND US! WE'RE SAFE!

AND WE'VE GOTTEN SAFELY PAST THE THREE DANGERS--AIR, WATER AND FIRE!









MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE SINGS FOR YOU!

**ON
SNAP-
SOUND
DISCS!**



HEAR YOUR FAVORITE COWBOY
SING ONE OF HIS OWN SONGS
AND DELIVER A PERSONAL
MESSAGE TO YOU ON HIS
HIGH-FIDELITY, LAMINATED
PLASTIC RECORDING! IT
PLAYS AT LEAST 500
TIMES ON STEREO!
PHOTOGRAPHIST

ONLY 10¢ AND
EACH RECORD
INCLUDES A
FULL-COLOR
PICTURE OF
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SEND THIS COUPON AND 10¢
TO GET YOURS TODAY!

MONTE HALE
P.O. BOX 1125
STUDIO CITY, CALIF.

DEAR MONTE:
PLEASE SEND ME MY SNAP-
SOUND RECORDING ON YOUR SONG!
I ENCLOSE 10¢ IN COIN!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____



THE OTHER MAN IS JAY TOMPKINS OF THE LAZY-U, WHO PERSONIFIED THE NAME OF HIS RANCH!

SUDDENLY, THE PLEASANT QUIET IS INTERRUPTED AS JAY'S HORSE STUMBLES!



THUNDERING! THAT'S A 200 FOOT DROP!

MONTE! HELP!



JAY'S LIFE IS SAVED BY A MIRACLE!

THAT'S A FUNNY WORD, COMING FROM YOU!



YOUR PAWING THREW A SHOE! LUCKY THAT SHOE WAS THERE!

YES, I RECKON IT WAS THAT LOOSE SHOE! I'VE BEEN AIMING TO FIX IT FOR MORE THAN A MONTH!



JAY YOU'RE LAZY! YOU'D RISK YOUR LIFE, RATHER THAN FIX A HORSE SHOE!

WELL, I WAS AIMING TO FIX IT, MONTE!

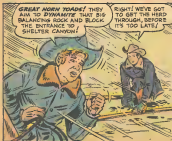


AS MONTE AND JAY REACH THE LAZY-U, THEY ARE GREETED BY THE FOREMAN!

BAD NEWS, JAY! HALF THE MEN HAVE QUIT!













WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!



MONTE HALE'S Cowboy Songs



A "PAINT" IS A PINTO, OR SPOTTED HORSE! SOMETIMES IT IS EVEN CALLED A "CALICO", BECAUSE THE COWBOY BOOM IT WHEN HE WENT TO VISIT HIS GIRL IN CALICO DRESS! "GOODBYE, OLD PAINT" IS ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED WESTERN SONGS! IT TELLS OF THE RAMBLING LIFE OF THE COWBOY WHO JUST COULDN'T STAY PUT! THE VERSION THAT MONTE HALE SINGS AND PLAYS FOR YOU NOW WAS OFTEN USED AS THE LAST DANCE OF THE EVENING AT COWBOY SQUARE DANCES HELD THROUGHOUT THE WEST SOUTHWEST IN THE OLD FRONTIER DAYS!

GOODBYE, OLD PAINT

My feet's in my stirrups, my hat's in my han',
I'm leaving Cheyenne, I'm off for Montan'.
Goodbye, old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne,
Goodbye, old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne,
I ride old Paint, I lead old Dan.
Goodbye, my darling, I'm off for Cheyenne,
Old Paint's a good pony. He lopes when he can.
Good morning, young lady, my horses won't stand.
Oh, hitch up your horses and feed them some hay,
And seat yourself by me as long as you stay.
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay.
My wagon is restless and rolling away.
Goodbye, old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne.
Goodbye, old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne.



I Will Train You at Home for Good Jobs in RADIO- TELEVISION



**I Send You Many
KITS OF PARTS
for practical experience**

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made built from materials I furnish. Some of the
equipment from my Learning Course and some from
my Construction Course is shown below. Every thing
I send is yours to keep.

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Act now! Send for my **FREE BOOKLETS OFFER.** Coupon for three for actual lessons, "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH RECEIVED KEYING?" It shows you that learning at home is easy, practical. You also get my 16 page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO-TELEVISION." It tells what you, a graduate are doing and earning. Send coupon, to envelope or page on penny postcard. **J. B. SMITH, President, Dept. 6085, National Radio Institute, 1500 First Street, Washington D. C.**



I TRAINED THESE MEN



I am carrying on my own Radio-Television business. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man.



I have been a success in the field since I was a young man. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man.



I have been a success in the field since I was a young man. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man.



I have been a success in the field since I was a young man. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man. I have been a success in the field since I was a young man.

Good for Both--FREE

MR. J. B. SMITH, President, Dept. 6085, National Radio Institute, Washington D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 16-page book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television--both FREE. (No money can I sell. Please make check.)

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